

A
A
0
0
1
2
2
7
9
6
8
3

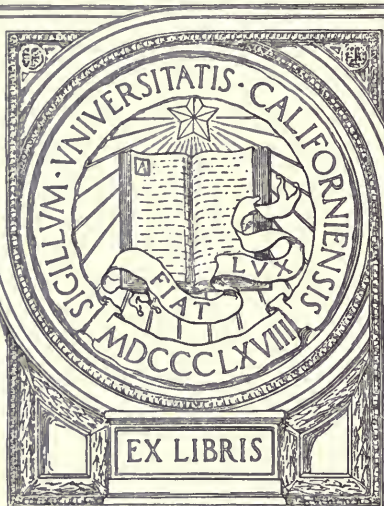


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE OUTCAST

BY AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW"

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



Gift of
Mrs. Frank Good







THE OUTCAST;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. W. WATSON,

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW; AND OTHER POEMS."

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;

306 CHESTNUT STREET.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

AT LOS ANGELES

LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.

REPRODUCED TO THE
PUBLIC DOMAIN
BY THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

PS
3157
W330

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.....	19
THE OUTCAST.....	21
THE OLD MUSICIAN.....	30
NELLY—SWEET NELLY BROWN.....	35
DARLING DORA M'ILVAINE.....	37*
TO-NIGHT.....	41
MY DARLING JOSEPHINE.....	43
GONE TO SEA.....	45
OUT ON A BOUNDLESS SEA.....	48
NIGHT BURIAL AT SEA.....	51
DEATH RIDES ON THE EASTERN WIND.....	56
REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.....	60
THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.....	65
DEBT.....	71
THE CIRCUS BOY.....	75

398727

Gift of Mrs. Frank Wood 3-16-42

	PAGE
GARIBALDI'S ENTRY INTO NAPLES	80
THE TWELFTH COMES BACK TO-DAY	85
THE WALTZ OF ANTIETAM	90
MY SERGEANT OF THE GUARD ..	94
THE BALL IS UP.....	99
CHRISTMAS DAY.....	101
I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR	114
APPENDIX	119

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

At a time when, in the language of society, "Poetry is a drug in the market," the success of the volume entitled "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems," by John W. Watson, might be considered remarkable, were it not that the acknowledged merit of these lyrics, most of which appeal to the tenderest and kindest feelings of humanity, is very remarkable also. The high eulogiums passed upon these compositions by the discerning press of the United States, and also in England, have been so thoroughly endorsed by the public, that the sale has exceeded that of any other volume of American poetry published within the last ten years. The Publishers rejoice that it is in their power to present a second volume from the pen of Mr. Watson, entitled "The Outcast and Other Poems," which they are very confident will be not less acceptable and popular than the former. These poems, indeed, may be considered as the fruit of Mr. Watson's maturer fancy and judgment, and will touch not less sensitively than the others the sympathy and home affections of all classes of readers.

THE OUTCAST.

THE night was dark, and dank, and drear; the
wind blew bitter cold;

The sleety snow, with every gust, became more fierce
and bold;

The yellow gas, through iceclad panes, along the
pavement lay,

And all the glory of the street had passed with
night away;

In dabbled heaps, with mud and filth, the cutting
snowdrops lie,

And only cheerless, shivering forms rush bent and
hurried by.

I labored on with chosen steps and head bowed to
the gale,

When suddenly, from out the storm, there came a
droning wail.

I stopped like one when spoken to, and listened to
the sound,

And then, responsive to the moan, looked fearfully
around:

I saw a man, who cowering stood, in rags both
scant and thin,

Force moaning, wailing notes from out a wretched
violin.

I marvelled much to see him choose so bleak, so
dark a place,

And sought, with curious scrutiny, to peer into his face:

A moment's glance the tale revealed, his staring
eyes were dim—

All depths of darkness, light and shade, all were
alike to him—

Blind wanderer on a glorious earth, the sunshine or
the storm

Were one to him when he could keep his aged
body warm.

And so I stood before the blast and hearkened to
the song,

While well-clothed, thoughtless, hurrying men went
rapidly along:

I heard that wretched violin tell all its screed of woe,
In words as plain as man could speak, to the ques-
tions of the bow;

I heard the story of a life, a life with clouds o'ercast,
The sighs, the tears, the bitter moans for all the
bitter past.

I once, it said, had friends and home, a wife and
children fair,

A home of peace and happiness, for love dwelt
always there;

And who on all the earth could make a little go
so far

As she, the Mary of my love, my life's bright
guiding star?

Then I was cheerful, hale and strong, and work
came freely in—

I never sang a song of woe through you, my violin.

When children came to bless our hearth, the neigh-
bors far and near

Declared they were the best they'd seen for many
and many a year;

They grew so fresh and rosy, and so cunning in
their ways,

That I and Mary stood full oft and watched them
in amaze.

I saw them all—four sweet-faced girls—grow up to
womanhood;

I felt that they were beautiful—I knew that they
were good.

The first that left us, Abigail, passed off one summer morn,

When all the air was filled with life, the fields with ripening corn.

She had been failing many months, but hope held to the last;

We could not think our darling gone until the hour was past.

It was the first great chastening blow that fell upon my head,

When Abigail, my firstborn child, was numbered with the dead.

The next was Hannah—she so young, so thoughtless and so gay.

I left her in the field, one noon, among the new-made hay;

Within an hour the girl was gone; they sought her high and low,

And soon they brought my child to me—O God! what dreadful woe!

They took her from the river's bed, and from her
pallid lips
The fearful death-slime came away in slowly-oozing
drips.

Then Mary, with her golden hair, and skin like
tinted pearl,
She looked so like her mother did, when she was
but a girl.

So angel-like our Mary seemed, so angel-like from birth,
That many a time my whispering heart would doubt
her of the earth.

One day it pleased her God to call our angel to his
throne,
And Mary's mother and myself were left once more
alone.

No! not alone, there still was one, a wanton, wan-
dering child,
A truant from our homely hearth, by false sworn
love beguiled.

We sought by every wile we knew to win her back
again,

But guilty love was strong enough to make our
prayers in vain.

We heard but little after this, but when we did, we
plead

With God to take the nameless one—much better
she were dead.

Since Mary, who for forty years I never knew to frown ;
Since Mary, she who shared my cross, has gone to
wear her crown ;

Since God was pleased to take the light of day
from out mine eyes,

I've pondered on the memory with weary, wasting
sighs ;

And oh ! I would it were his will to hear my voice-
less cry,

That I might feel the nameless one once more
before I die !

The music changed, with one deep sob, into the
tones of prayer,

So mournfully, so pleadingly, upon the cutting
air :

A woman dressed in drabbled robes went flaunting
idly by,

With painted cheeks and bloodless lips, with dim
and sunken eye.

She stopped and turned her ill-clad back upon the
whistling blast,

And listened with an eager air unto the very last.

The music ceased, the woman reached toward the
blind old man ;

She stooped her head with starting eyes, she clenched
her hands and ran ;

But suddenly, with faltering steps, she tottered back
again,

And stood as though her gasping lips were seeking
words in vain.

A moment thus I watched the two, the man's
unconscious form;
The woman bent and kissed his hand, then fled
into the storm.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

[A few weeks ago an aged mendicant died at New Orleans. On his deathbed he stated that he had been in his day a musician; that he had occupied a distinguished place among the musicians of one of Napoleon's military bands; and that his execution had frequently attracted attention from the Great Man himself. He said much more which was very interesting in reference to his past life, but death interrupted his revelations. He had lived, it seems, for many years in New Orleans in great poverty and privation, with no other companion than his violin.]

RAISE up my head.

Enough: I see and hear all I would wish to know.

And so they say that I must die, and call me old!

They know not what is age who call me old.

Age must be counted by the loss of fire, not years;

Not by the weariness of limb, not by the dimness
of the eye.

Quick! raise up my head; give me my violin;

And stand you silent while I tear your hearts.

[*Plays.*

There is my solo in the key of G;
The last six notes were heard by Mozart:
He declared them worthy of a crown—so think I.
And now my wordless song. *[Plays.*

I sang this song

Before the Emperor—before Napoleon,
When in the flush of power; and he did bow to me,
And sent me from his own great hand this ring—
This diamond ring. Where is my diamond ring?
Ah me! I did forget they took my ring.
Ah! yes, they took my ring—for rent.
Well, well! it is but empty honor; none can take
my song.

Now, am I old? Hear this, my symphony in F?

[Plays.

This, too, before an Emperor, the Czar. He gave
Me smiles, and sent a snuff-box by an equerry:
A snuff-box blazing with a score of gems,
And on the lid a limning of his face.
Ah! 'twas a cunning box. I have it now—

In memory. I did not sell it till I wanted bread,
Not for myself alone, but for Adèle.
Not know Adèle? She was my pupil; in the world
Is known as— I will not call her name.

Too well you know her; she has made the cities
ring

With shout and bravos. Ah! such a register!
Rossini wrote— Wait; let me see—what did
Rossini write for her? She loves me, and she sang
My Opera. That was a night of nights;
When I, well hidden from the public gaze,
Would watch my pupil sing the breathings of my
heart!

Yes! they found me. Ha! ha! me, the poor mu-
sician!

And then they bore me forth, and stood me on the
stage

Before ten thousand eyes, and covered me with
flowers.

Ay! and she kissed me—Adèle kissed me—
Kissed me there before the envious crowd,
Dukes, lords and nobles would have given wealth
And titles to have been the kissed. Where is
Adèle?

She knows not of me now. She thinks that I am
rich,
And I—will not seek her to beg.

Here is a sonata

I composed for her. Beranger did me great honor
When he heard those bars, from thence to thence,
By asking from my pen a copy. Then he gave
To me a song, a deathless song, that I might wed
The music of its words to sound. Hark! I play.

[*Plays.*

Now, am I old? Is my arm palsied?
Is my blood weak? Must I die? Is there no fire
in me?

Oh! false prophets! raise me up quickly!

Where is my wealth and honor? Where is Adèle?
Lay on my breast the star that Austria gave.
Where is the gold I won in England? Where are
the plaudits
That I won in France? Where is my violin?

And am I blind?
Could I not tell my own loved violin before my
eyes?

Hark! I will play a scena from my Opera.

[Attempts to play.]

Oh, vain! my hand fails in its endeavor; but
My ear deceives me not. I still know time;
Perhaps—I soon shall know eternity.

Why is it dark?
Why do I hear your sobs no longer? Is the world
hushed?
Am I dead? Am I dead? Dead?

NELLY—SWEET NELLY BROWN.

THERE is life in the breath of the morning,
Ere the hum of the cricket is done,
When the low of the cows is a warning
That I must be up with the sun;
For the sun is a loitering sluggard
To the maid with the homespun gown;
She is calling the cows from the meadow—
Nelly, sweet Nelly Brown!

They may laugh when I say that I love her—
They may laugh, if they like it, at me:
Must I think of myself as above her,
Because I am richer than she?
I shall think of my sunburnt lady
As I would if she wore a crown,

And be heartily glad that I love her—

Nelly, sweet Nelly Brown!

She is calling the cows with a ringing

That is meant for the cows, and for one
Who has helped her so often in bringing

The pails when the milking was done.

But the time it is rapidly coming

When the maid with the homespun gown
Will be mine—only mine! and no longer

Nelly, sweet Nelly Brown!

DARLING DORA M'ILVAINE.

THE rain fell softly on the grass,

Ah me! the summer rain;

I waited for the storm to pass,

The sun to shine again;

Ah me! the treacherous rain;

Will the sun e'er shine again?

While I stood beneath the shed,

Listening to each pattering drop,

Wondering when the clouds o'erhead

Would think it time to stop,

I saw her running down the lane,

Flying from the summer rain.

Saw who? Why, Dora M'Ilvaine,

Woe is me! that fatal day,

Watching in the summer rain

For the storm to pass away.

Years will glide too slowly by

Ere I lose that memory.

Darling Dora M'Ilvaine,

Seven minutes, by the clock,

Did I beg, and beg in vain,

For one single chestnut lock:

Dora, Dora, 'twas to me

All of an eternity!

I have seen some maidens fair

Skilled to win a trusting heart,

I have seen some chestnut hair

Braided with a wondrous art:

Chestnut hair and hazel eyes

Is not where the magic lies.

Never till that summer day,
As I watched the falling rain,
Had I seen that little fay,
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine;
Never since that summer rain
Heard of Dora M'Ilvaine.

Love is counted not by years,
Dora, Dora; well we know
Lovers' vows and lovers' tears
Are the things of long ago.
In these fast magnetic times
Dallying love is worst of crimes.

Twenty golden minutes fly
While she made my soul rejoice
With the laughter of her eye,
With the music of her voice;
Hazel eyes and teeth of pearl,
Dora was a pretty girl.

Dora was but sweet thirteen,
Half a woman, half a child,
Childlike grace and haughty mien,
Free and guarded, coy and wild ;
Such a winsome woman-fay
Never saw I till that day.

Dora ! time and space has passed,
I shall never see thee more ;
When our lots in life were cast,
*
We were placed on either shore.
Never shall we meet again,
Darling Dora M'Ilvaine !

TO-NIGHT.

TO-NIGHT I lift a flowing glass,
The wine shall touch my quivering lip;
It shall not flow to drown the past,
But on its spell I'll cling and sip,
Or think within its shady hues
A spirit laves in pearly light,
And bids a joyous laugh to-night.

To-night I will remember all—
All that is worth a kindly thought;
The hours the wing of sorrow swept,
The lessons that her broodings taught,
Shall mingle in a glowing train
With gems so deeply, purely bright,
I could not help but laugh to-night.

To-night no stranger hand shall clasp

The fevered throbbings of my own,

Nor pledge me in the brimming cup—

I drink, and dream, and think alone.

No friendly eye shall look in mine,

Lest they might think the dimming sight

Betrayed my will to laugh to-night.

MY DARLING JOSEPHINE.

THE stars are countless in the skies,
The earth a flood of light;

The cream-white moon in beauty flies
Along the path of night;

I sit alone, but not alone:

A spirit all unseen
Has to my welcome bosom flown—
My darling Josephine.

Fast fly the fairy-footed days,

That meteor-like go by,
When I can on her beauty gaze,
And feast my hungry eye.

What refuge has my longing breast
In all the hours between,

But clasping as a spirit-guest

My darling Josephine?

So shall she be my honored guest

When sleep departs from me,

And when my dreaming stands confessed

My queen of dreams shall be.

By night, by day, by sun, by shade,

I'll homage pay my queen,

And bless the happy hour that made

Me love sweet Josephine.

GONE TO SEA.

THERE sailed a brig of a thousand tons,
Yo! heave merrily, O!

She was pierced for the carriage of twenty guns,
Yo! heave merrily, O!

Her pennons were set, and the wind was fair,
And the brig swept out with the ebbing tide,
And every eye of the hundreds there
Watched her sail with a swelling pride.

Yo! heave merrily, O!

The mother has bidden her son farewell,

Yo! heave merrily, O!

She smothers the tear as she hears them tell—

Yo! heave merrily, O!—

That the brig is as stanch as stanch can be ;
That her men are picked for a fearless crew ;
And so she is standing and smiling to see
The glorious brig that seaward flew.

Yo! heave merrily, O!

The brig has rolled in the white sea-wave,

Yo! heave terribly, O!

Her timbers are tough, and her crew are brave,

Yo! heave terribly, O!

But the winds were sweeping the face of the deep,

While the waters gaped for the staggering craft ;
And down they went to their endless sleep,

While the storm above them howled and laughed.

Yo! heave terribly, O!

What one of all that wondering crowd,

Yo! heave terribly, O!

Who sang the song of the brig aloud,

Yo! heave terribly, O!

Hath bidden his friend the long farewell—

The word he would speak before they died—

The day he watched the waters swell,

And the brig sweep out with the ebbing tide?

Yo! heave terribly, O!

c

OUT ON A BOUNDLESS SEA.

“BOATMAN, whither flies our vessel?

See, the shore grows far and dim;

While about us monsters wrestle

As they through the darkness swim.

Boatman, speak—the night is chilling,

Cold is sad, and silence killing.”

“Mortal! in this darkness tremble.

Time has been, but is no more.

Cease to with your soul dissemble;

You have left yon sunny shore.

Mortal, though your soul endeavor,

You have left yon shore for ever.”

“Boatman! fright me not so sadly;
 ’Tis but one short hour ago
That I left yon shore so gladly,
 On the glassy waters borne.
Boatman, why this fearful changing,
All my pleasure-plans deranging?”

“Mortal! in your idle scheming,
 Gave you not the helm to me?
In that hour, while you were dreaming,
 I have steered your bark to sea.
Learn this lesson by your failing:
Hold the helm when you are sailing.”

“Boatman! yet a moment linger,
 Youth and manhood both are gone;
Point not with your iron finger
 Still so sad and sternly on.
Boatman, to my prayer respond
Ere we meet the dark beyond.”

“Mortal! cease thy sad bewailing,

Death is waiting there for thee:

Hear you not his ghostly hailing

Growing nearer o’er the sea?

Had you saved your freight this morning,

Now you would not fear his warning.

“From your bark you cast rich treasure

Out into the hungry deep,

All that you might lie in leisure—

Lie full lapped in lazy sleep.

Wasted jewels: mortal, ponder

How they’d light your path out yonder.”

NIGHT BURIAL AT SEA.

THE dim lamp swings in the dingy hold

To the ravings of the storm,

And the waves are waiting to enfold

A soldier's lifeless form :

They are lifting their snow-white fingers up,

Like spirits of the night,

And they dance and beckon to our ship

To stay her onward flight.

The stars are dimmed with a flying cloud,

The ship goes heaving past,

A corse lies wrapped in its homely shroud,

And the night is going fast.

We have stretched the flag he has died to serve

Over his quieted heart,

And here, with our heads uncovered and bent,
We silently stand apart.

We stood but a few short hours ago
By that dying soldier's bed—
A blanket, battle-stained and worn—
While a knapsack pillowed his head.
A rough board under his fleshless limbs,
And a stranger hand for nurse;
His requiem sang by the beating waves,
A smothered groan or a curse.

The lanterns swung in the dismal hold
As the life-tide ebbed away,
And the dim eyes closed to open no more
Till the resurrection-day.
He is deaf to the sound of his comrade's voice
When he shouts his name in his ear,
And a soul drifts out on the stormy tide,
While the clay-cold corse lies here.

We wrapped his gaunt and rigid limbs
In the blanket's scanty fold,
And we bore our strange, mysterious load
Away from the noisome hold.
The midnight stars look down on the form
That lies on the gangway plank,
And rolls to the rolling of the ship
And the engine's heavy clank.

And there we gathered, a silent group,
To wait for the last sad rite,
And thought, as we looked on the lifeless mass,
Of a saddening second sight—
Of his far New England, yearning home;
Of the love that waits in vain,
And never shall clasp that soldier form
To its beating breast again.

Waiting—the waves are waiting still
To seize their promised prey;

But the good ship madly flings them back
As she cleaves her onward way ;
And the words of hope rise clearly up
Over the din without,
Stilling the storm in our aching hearts,
And stilling our every doubt.

A pause—we wait in silent awe—
Then lifting the shrouded clay,
With a sullen plunge and a heavy splash,
We cast the load away.
The ship goes staggering on her route,
The winds scream wild and free,
But the corse of a soldier brave and true
Lies down in the depths of the sea—

Lies down in the depths of the troubled sea,
With the dwellers of the deep,
To rise when the last great trump shall sound
To waken him from his sleep.

No stone to mark where the lifeless clay
Is clasped in the hissing foam,
But his monument stands in the loving hearts
Of his far New England home.

DEATH RIDES ON THE EASTERN WIND.

FROM the gates of Teheran, from Ispahan's walls,
Like a king from a mouldering throne,
The terrible sound of his footstep falls
Through the Tartar tent and the Persian halls,
And the Orient echoes back the calls
Of the monarch claiming his own.

With his ghastly spear upraised to the sky,
At the solemn whirr of his wing
The nations despair as he hurries him by,
For, however they wrestle, however they fly,
The richest and poorest must surely die
In the path of the spectral king.

In vain are the edicts of earthly kings,
In vain are the sword and the spear;
The wave of his weapon a pestilence flings,
And a merciless poison distills from his wings,
Till even the savage his death-dirge sings
Wherever his minions appear.

In his train come as servitors, cringing and base,
Intemperance, Gluttony, Crime,
Who follow the king with a staggering pace,
Who sing of their deeds with a brazen face,
And scatter their ruin on every race
To the chant of their horrible rhyme.

From the glut of the kennels, the mould of the walls,
From the rime of the breath-stifling drain,
The voice of the king in his majesty calls
The spirits of death, in their shadowless palls—
From each den where the light of the day never falls—
To join in his pestilent train.

From the stagnant miasm that lives in decay,
From the poisonous breath of the swamp,
From the vermin-cursed dwelling that lies by the way,
From the prison and vault where the green lizards play,
He gathers the ministers day by day,
To aid in his kingly pomp.

Though fierce on his path roll the bottomless seas,
For a thousand miles between,
Though a nation be pleading afar on its knees,
The hands that are lifted he scorns, if he sees,
And he sweeps on his path with the seaward breeze,
Till they never more are seen.

From the Arctic Sea to the Torrid Zone
He reigns as a king supreme;
All climes, all nations, all lands are his own,
His sweetest of sounds is a shriek or a groan,
And the earth is a desert when once he has flown,
And his memory only a dream.

Hail, king of the world from the Eastern shore!

Hail, monarch in ghastliness dressed!

Our soil has been drenched with unbrotherly gore;

Must we yield to thy clutch a hecatomb more,

Ere the cry of the blood-chastened land shall be o'er,

And we sink into peaceful rest?

REAL CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

I'M a very plain and homely man,
Just a leetle old or so,
And the rheumatiz troubles me, off and on,
Whether I will or no;
And so, whenever that comes to pass,
It drives me a'most in a craze,
To think of the lots of time I lose—
The many working days.

For my old woman, Meg, and I,
Agree on this, d'ye see,
That I shall be sick when she is well,
And I be well when she;
For it's little of work that she can do,
When well or ill, for bread,

Yet many a stitch her fingers take
From sunrise-time till bed.

And so 'tis no disgrace to us,
With the rheumatiz and all,
That sometimes Meg, for hunger's sake,
Should have to pawn her shawl;
But then 'tis woeful hard to me,
When the winter nights are cold,
For I miss the shawl on my old legs—
If the words be not too bold.

Yet Meg and I get somehow on,
For poverty isn't a crime,
And we never think nothing about it
Until it comes Christmas-time;
For we have a memory, Meg and I,
Of a Christmas long ago,
When we both were strong and hearty.
And never knew want or woe.

And so it happens that Meg and I
Have been waiting in hope and fear,
To see if the Christmas coming
Will be like the one last year;
For then we were all right happy,
Meg and the neighbors and I,
And the very remembrance of it
Is enough to make one cry.

It was all on the Christmas morning,
When we hadn't a loaf of bread,
And Meg and I, to keep life in,
Were obliged to go to bed.
The shawl it was in the pawn-shop,
And we hadn't a cent—not we—
So we thought it the hardest Christmas
We ever had chanced to see.

Meg sat in the bed a-sewing,
I reading the Bible to she,

When there came at the door a tapping,
Like a woodpecker tapping a tree.
Meg cried for the knock to enter,
And a rosy face peeped in,
With hazel eyes and clustering curls,
White teeth and a dimpled chin.

There was sunshine in a moment
To break away the gloom,
And a voice like an angel's whisper
Went sweetly through the room.
It said, "Accept this turkey,
Some potatoes and coal, if you please;
It is merry Christmas Day,
And no one must starve or freeze."

Oh! wasn't Meg up directly!
But the angel had vanished in air,
And a stout man stood with a bushel of coal,
And the turkey it lay on a chair.

And didn't we have a feast
In a good old-fashioned way,
And wasn't we warm and jollily fed
That glorious Christmas Day!

So that is my tale all told—
A homely tale at the best—
A tale that Meg and I repeat
Each night when we go to rest.
I have heard of angels with wings,
Who noiselessly flit through the air,
But the angel of angels that we like best
Left a turkey upon the chair.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

I WAS poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and talked, and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store!

I was thinking it over and over—
The per cent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my draft on Jones
Would trouble me any more;

And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:
“Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look.”

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure gaunt and gray,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow in the ledger
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the god I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live,
And struggle on for a while;

So the old man said it was very well,

And smiled a ghostly smile;

“But when you have lived as I have lived,

And lost as I have lost,

You will wish for death as the only rest

That is left for the tempest-tossed.

“It was many and many a year ago,

I could look in my ledger and see

The names of my debtors in every land,

And my ships on every sea.

I sat and counted the loss and gain,

As 'tis counted to-day by you,

And I looked on my God and my love of truth

In a business point of view.

“I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,

My friends among the dead,

And the name that stood for a million once

Not good for a loaf of bread.

I have lived to see far more than this—

My wife and my children fair

Go one by one to the silent land:

They tarry for me there."

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears

From off his withered face,

Then slowly from his pocket took

A strip of ragged lace.

He kissed and pressed it to his lips,

And speaking thick and fast,

"This is the only relic left

That binds me with the past."

O sad and desolate old man,

Thou type of all thy race,

Like thee, they cling unto the past

By bits of ragged lace.

Like thee, they pace the dreary round

Of pleasure or of pain;

Like thee, they dwell upon a life

They would not live again.

Good-night, thou man of many woes!

Come not again to me,

For I have debts in every land,

And ships on every sea;

And I have wife and children fair;

My friends are not yet dead;

But still I'll close my ledger up,

And think on what you've said.

DEBT.

I SAT in my room on a midnight dreary,
Counting the rain on the roof;
Hearing the roll of the wheels aweary,
And the clank of the horses' hoof,
Hearing the fall of the distant feet
That echoed along on the sleeping street,
And the hollow song of a roistering rhyme
Striking in with the clang of the midnight chime.

I sat in my room while the gas burned low
On the dead-white chamber wall,
While, pale and haggard, and full of woe,
And strangely lank and tall,
A stony figure in silence stands
Watching the moves of my trembling hands—

Watching the drop of my weary eye,
With a dim, grim smile at my every sigh.

I gazed at this figure in solemn awe,
This spectre so gaunt and gray,
Who came not by the bolted door,
With his ghostly, shadowy way.

I saw that the rags on his shrunken form
Were dripping with wet from the midnight storm;
I saw him shrivelled with pain and cold,
And his face looked prematurely old.

With a shiver of dread in every vein,
I spoke to this man of stone;
And every word he spoke again
Were the echoes of my own:

"What dost thou here in the midnight deep,
When the world is wrapped in its sweetest sleep?"
"What dost *thou* here?" he said again,
"When the pillow claims thy wearied brain?"

“What art thou, thing of a bloodless life,
Whose presence is death and shame,
Whose every word is the stab of a knife—
What is thy dreadful name?”

For a moment flashed his eyes in light,
Then darkened again, as in endless night:
“Whoever shall know, shall never forget
The time when he wore the chains of DEBT.

“Whoever shall once, in a thoughtless way,
Wear those golden chains for me,
Shall labor and toil for many a day
Before his limbs are free.

At first my chains are of burnished gold,
And worn in a rich and gorgeous fold;
But they grow in weight, and they grow in size,
With every speedy hour that flies.

“But I, with a magic all my own,
Can change these chains of gold;

I can turn them to iron, and eat the done,
And gnaw the flesh till the heart grows old;
Till the clothes shall hang in a filthy shred,
Till the eyes shall look like the eyes of the dead;
Till the arm shall die in its palsied pain,
And the blood run cold in each icy vein.

“Who weareth my chains shall know no hope,
Shall crave no length of life—
Shall die by drug, by knife, and rope,
Or live in blood and strife.”

With his golden chains the shape drew nigh:
I sprang to my feet with a shuddering cry;
There was nothing to hear but the swell of my
scream,
And nothing to see but the mist of a dream.

THE CIRCUS BOY.

AH me! how memory flashes back
Through forty years of time—
Through hard, prosaic, epic strains,
And pleasant-flowing rhyme!
How, after half a century's march,
Leaning on Nature's staff,
I look me back along the road
With many a hearty laugh!—

With many a hearty laugh or smile
That struggles with a tear,
For many a moment fraught with fate,
And many a memory queer.
I gaze upon my portly form,
My well-filled bankers' book—

The last a credit to my thrift,

The former to my cook.

And then I think me of the boy

Of half a score years old,

Charmed, as a man is ever charmed,

By glitter and by gold.

How my ambition's highest height,

My gold without alloy,

Reached through all worldly gifts and lore

To be a circus boy.

I watched him, clad in silken sheen,

All spangled over gold,

Leap gayly on his gallant steed,

And ride away so bold;

I saw the rude, admiring crowd

Strain all their eager eyes;

I heard their praises fill the air,

Their plaudits and their cries.

I saw him spring through painted hoops,
O'er silken banners high;
With beating heart I watched his flight,
And many an envious sigh.
Here, to my boyish thought, was all
That earth could give of joy;
And then I prayed an earnest prayer
To be a circus boy.

Weeks sped: one autumn day we met;
My memory still was warm,
His face was graven on my heart—
Not so his ill-clad form.
With boyish fire I clasped his hand,
And marked his sunken eye;
No more the roses on his cheeks
Provoked an envious sigh.

His words were few, but oh how quick
They pierced the filmy spell!

The hard, bold voice, the reckless tone,
His story told too well :
No mother, and a father dead
To all the sense of shame ;
No home but in the circus tent,
And but a circus name.

At night, with bitter, blinded heart,
He rode his gallant roan ;
All day, half fed and poorly clad,
He moped about alone ;
At night the thousands cheered him on
Through peril and through pain ;
All day he craved one word of love,
But craved, alas ! in vain.

Since then I've looked behind the scenes
Of many a ghastly play ;
A word, a look, a breath of life,
Has swept the guilt away.

But never through these forty years
 Could time the force destroy ,
Of that first lesson that I took,
 Taught by the circus boy.

E

GARIBALDI'S ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

HE came! not with the pomp of state,
With bayonets flashing round him;
But in the broad glare of the day,
Where frantic thousands lined the way,
And, hopeful, knelt to weep and pray,
We found him.

He came! not as a conqueror comes,
With rattling drum and clashing sabre,
But like an angel from the skies,
With form erect and flashing eyes,
He stood, clothed in the simple guise
Of labor.

He came! as Heaven's own chosen king,
His throne a trampled nation,
Claiming no power but such as came
From the great glory of his name—
No weak or meretricious fame,
No station.

Out rang the *vivas* fierce and long,
Made louder by each patriot's wrong,
And manly shout joined woman's song,
Where Marinella's half-crazed throng

Hailed freed Italia's son.
'Twas noon, high noon, along the way,
And sunlight danced upon the bay;
The shouting thousands swayed and swung,
A hundred bells the chorus rung,
And Naples, mad from fear and doubt,
Screamed forth the hero's welcome shout—
Screamed forth the hope so long deferred
With every long-forbidden word:

“UNA—UNA—UNA—VIVA!

DEATH AND HELL TO THE DECEIVER!

VOGLIAMO, VIVA, VIVA!

GOD'S GREAT GRACE TO THE ACHIEVER!”

Calm and unmoved amid the whole,
With eyes that shadowed forth the soul,
The patriot hero stood.
Cry upon cry has rent the air,
But still the selfsame words are there:

Viva Garibaldi!

Una—vogliamo, l'Italia—una!

Night falls; the deep-mouthed cannons boom
Their notes of freedom through the gloom,
And from a thousand hands and throats
The wildering music swells and floats.
Along the gay Toledo's pave
The joy-mad crowd their greetings rave,

And banners flash upon the night,
And torches shed a midday light,
Unveiling every hideous sight.
The beggar jostles with the lord,
The master with the man,
The wearer breaks the tyrant's sword,
And kisses where he can.
Still high above the crash of all,
The song is loud and clear—
Above the cannon, bells and shouts,
It breaks upon the ear:
Viva, viva Garibaldi,
Vogliamo, l'Italia!
Una—una—una—viva!
God's great grace to the Achiever.

White-armed women, heaving-breasted,
Fiery-eyed and voiced aloud,
Half of flowing robes divested,
Wander through the surging crowd,

Singing loud,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!

Far along the Marinella,
Through the night the cries still ring,
Echoed from Largo Castello,
To the palace of the king,
Still they ring,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Saver of his native land;
Vogliamo, l'Italia!
Una—una—una—viva!

THE TWELFTH COMES BACK
TO-DAY.

TO-DAY, up yonder turnpike-road,
Past clover waiting to be mowed,
Past fields of growing grain,
With banners waving proud and high,
And music singing to the sky,
The Twelfth comes back again.

It comes with all its record clear
To write its history on the year,
Each man himself a brave;
And we, forgetting in our joy
How many a mother's darling boy
Has found a Southern grave.

Two years ago, in spring-time bloom,
From out the shadow of this room
My tear-dimmed eyes were bent;
The Twelfth went marching down that road,
Each casting forth his own heart-load,
And singing as he went.

That day, amid the wild hurrah,
There softly opened yonder door,
And in came one alone:
He looked so handsome in his blue,
And in his eyes, so soft and true,
A light unusual shone.

He spoke as though he had been sent
With tidings of some good intent;
And thus the message ran:
“Maggie, I held against my heart
Till now a false and selfish part,
And failed me as a man.

“This morning, in the ringing shout,
In every blast the band sends out,
In every tap of drum,
I hear the voices of the dead,
The echoes of their ghostly tread,
Persuading me to come.

“And so I’ve donned this glorious blue,
And come, unsoiled, to speak with you,
The last one in this town.
Maggie! with all my heart and soul
I love you. Maggie, hear the whole,
My own! before you frown.

“Since those bright days when we forsook
The sunny road for some lone nook,
And conned the self-same task,
I’ve loved you, Maggie, true and long,
But—be it right or be it wrong—
My heart has worn a mask.

"I knew how good and pure you were:

'I can do naught deserving her,'

My faltering heart-words said.

And as I loved years sped away,

While I, to see thee day by day,

My faltering heart obeyed.

"But, Maggie, with this morning's light

There came a glorious second-sight,

A vision from on high!

It said, 'Your heart's delusion quell,

And win the one you love so well.

Hark! to your country's cry!"

"My place is vacant in the line,

I wait but for a single sign,

To know if this be true;

I wait but for a glance, a word,

To know if this emotion stirred

Is shared, my own, by you."

A moment more, and on his breast
I calmed his doubting heart's unrest,
 And sped him on his way.
Since then that one that came alone
Has made me feel his deeds my own,
 And proudly wait to-day.

'Tis I that now must doubter be
Until I know he still loves me,
 Since he has grown so great.
A hero coming from the South,
Whose praise is full in every mouth,
 Is he for whom I wait.

THE WALTZ OF ANTIETAM.

“How do you like the new waltz?” I was asked as we whirled away.

“Beautiful! What is it?”

“The Antietam Waltz,” was the answer.

SO soon—ere yet the life-blood dries
That gushed from many a manly breast,
Ere yet the cry of woe is o’er,
And ere the wearied victors rest
Upon their bruised and battered arms—
The harp and horn have gayly pealed
To merry groups a gladsome air
Of red Antietam’s field.

Beneath the glare of myriad lamps
How many bosoms softly beat

An echo to the mocking air
That moves the facile dancers' feet!
But look abroad at those bereft
Of every hope and living shield;
Their hearts lie buried with the dead
Upon Antietam's field.

I would not stay the tide of mirth,
Nor stop to weep amid the gladness,
But still I'd have that joyful air
Replaced by one of quiet sadness.
Upon the wind were other sounds
When rushing thousands madly reeled,
With shout and groan and deadly blow,
Upon Antietam's field.

One merry whirl, then come to me
And let me tell thee tales of truth—
How the strong man went boldly forth,
In all the confidence of youth,

To win a soldier's name and fame;
With nervous hand and bosom steeled,
He sought them both amid the fray
Upon Antietam's field.

He fell, with torn and broken limbs;
Right onward swept the countless throng;
Trampled beneath the horses' feet,
Or, fainting, borne with speed along,
Smeared with the sand and clotted gore,
No more his hand the weapons wield;
He gasps—he staggers, and he falls
Upon Antietam's field.

Oh, well it were no mother's eye
Should see him in that dreadful hour,
Howe'er might soothe her kindly touch,
However healing be her power!
All gashed and crushed, with starting eyes,
His livid features half revealed,

He lies, a mass of lifeless dross,
Upon Antietam's field.

Trace with the limner's magic art
The deeds we term unfading glory,
Or weave them in undying song,
Or tell them in immortal story;
Still will it be a thrice-told tale,
A truth that will not be concealed,
A drama acted o'er and o'er
Upon Antietam's field.

Then change the music of to-night,
Or bid it bear some other name,
And, though the very note and time,
It will not seem or sound the same;
And if through many a weary year
Its gaping wounds remain unhealed,
We'll chase from memory all the woe
Of red Antietam's field.

MY SERGEANT OF THE GUARD.

HERE, sergeant of the light-horse troop!

A glass of *eau de vie*;

The night is full of whistling wind

And chill as chill can be.

I heaped the camp-fire high ablaze

To meet thee on thy round,

And I will be thy Ganymede—

Thy couch shall be the ground.

I like your looks, my sergeant bold,

Your eye that never quails;

Of Lucknow and of Inkermann

I like your soldier-tales;

I like the medals on your breast,

I like your forehead scarred;

And then—by Jove!—I like your beard,
My sergeant of the guard.

I watched you in the battle-front,
Where shell and ball flew fast,
When many a brave heart stopped appalled
Before the iron blast.

I watched your careless riding in
To hack and hew and gash,
And said, "By Jove! I'll live to see
Him wear a yellow sash."

Another horn of *eau de vie*—
The first was not so large—
Then tell me of the ride you took
At Balaklava's charge;
And tell me how, through blood and smoke,
You fought at the Redan,
And where, when fighting hand to hand,
You found the better man.

“Your health, my captain ; may we soon
Ride such another tilt ;
I love the sound of clattering hoofs
And swords crossed hilt to hilt.
There’s music in the bugle’s blare
Beyond the scan of art ;
There’s glory in the squadron’s rush
To fire a dying heart.

“I’ve fought upon a score of fields,
And bloody fields were they ;
I’ve rode full many a fearful ride
In many a fearful fray.
At Inkermann, on Alma’s field,
And at the great Redan,
I’ve watched with jealous eyes and ears
To find the better man.

“The better man is he whose heart
Is knitted to the fight ;

Whose arm is clothed in conscious strength
From striking for the right ;
Whose blows, my captain, hottest fall
Amid the deadliest strife,
Will know no brother that is foe
To liberty and life.

“ He marches on with sturdy steps,
Still singing as he goes,
His country’s banner in the breeze,
To flaunt before its foes.
Good men there were at Inkermann,
And at the great Redan,
But, ah ! they lacked the strength of heart
To make the better man.

“ He fights to save the glorious land
That nurtured him from birth ;
He fights to save the truest flag
That ever flew on earth.

His only thought is how to be
For ever in the van;
And this—whatever be his creed—
Is still the better man.”

Bravo, my sergeant of the guard!
I'll drink a health to thee,
For every word thou say'st to-night
Are words of gold to me.
I love thy tales of Inkermann,
And of the great Redan,
But better far the tale thou'st told
About the better man.

THE BALL IS UP.

THE ball is up at the Central Park!

Come, gather your skates and away;

There's glorious health and the heart's true wealth,

Out on the ice to-day.

Ah! now I see your flashing eyes—

The ice is a wonderful spell—

Yes, she is there, that maid so fair,

She whom you love so well.

You loved her, when to the harp and horn

You swung her in the dance;

When through the night, by the crystal light,

You watched her silent glance.

You loved her when you held her hand

And saw her cheek grow pale;

The night when first your courage durst

Breathe forth the old, old tale.

But now to-day, when the ball is up,

And she, the loved one, there,

The blue of the skies will blend with her eyes,

And the gold of the sun with her hair.

Ah! then you will love her twice as much

As ever you did before;

That the ice is a spell you will learn full well,

More potent than ball-room floor.

You can mark the flush on her rounded cheek,

The flash in her love-lit eyes,

The waist you have spanned, and the tiny hand,

And the lips without disguise.

You will like them better, my boy, to-day,

Under the light of the sun;

By its golden glow you will learn to know

What you have wooed and won.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

IT was Christmas; and up with the rise of the
sun

Got merrily every blithe little one :

The first thing they did was to rush with a clatter,
Which waked the whole house to know what was
the matter,

To look in their stockings and count up their joys,
To taste of the sugar-plums, gaze at the toys ;

For their hearts were too full of their wonderful
wealth

To think of their playing, not even by stealth.

From the depths of these stockings they quickly
turned out

Enough of the good things to silence all doubt.

There were papers and boxes, with candies so rare
That the very first opening perfumed the air ;

There were nine-pins and chequers for Walter and
Dan,
Croquet and a sweet little Dollie for Fan—

A doll that called forth from her dear little eyes
The sparkles of gratitude, love and surprise ;

For its dress was the brightest and bluest of silk,
And the trimming as white as the whitest of milk,

While its boots they were made from the finest of
kid,

And its soft sunny locks by a bonnet half hid—

A bonnet that by its appearance alone
Looked much as though fairies had milliners
grown.

And there was a package for Daisy the queen—
A box with contents such as never were seen,

For in it were nestled a necklace and brooch,
And ear-rings that fairly defied all reproach ;

While for Maud and for Del there were oceans
of things,
Such as only at Christmas Old Santa Claus
brings :

Books, pictures and puzzles, and wonderful games,
And things of which I have forgotten the names ;

But all of them charming, and all of them rare,
Enough to make every little one stare,

And wish, with a mingling of longing and fear,
That Christmas would come every month in the
year.

With a chatter like magpies they hurried to dress,
Mixing up with their joy an occasional guess

As to what Will and Clara, who lived the next
door,

Had got in their stockings from Santa Claus' store ;

And if Cousin May, who had longed for a doll,
Had got it, or got any present at all.

So, with guessing, and chattering, and laughing
aloud,

Of a sudden the breakfast-bell startled the crowd ;

But, alas for the breakfast ! each frolicsome elf,
So sated with joy, had forgotten itself ;

And, uneaten, the breakfast was left on the board,
For the pleasures that dwelt in their new-gotten hoard.

Oh, then what a row-de-dow, rumpus and riot
There came from that crowd, who, in general, were
quiet!

Such Ohs! and such Ahs! and such screams of
delight!

The whole was enough to deafen one quite,

If it had not been Christmas, when each little throat
Is permitted to scream its most wonderful note.

And so, with their games and exchanging of toys,
The morn passed away with a plenty of noise,

Until the bell rang, and there came the first guest,
Followed up by some more: each was dressed in
their best.

There were aunties, and uncles, and cousins, and
friends,

And such other good things as Santa Claus sends ;

For what is there better, when Christmas comes
round,

Than that aunties and uncles and cousins be found

Filling up at the table each welcoming seat,

And helping at dinner the pudding to eat ?

And oh, what a dinner ! The water runs down

In a stream from my mouth, as this feast of renown

Flashes back on my memory, waking a sigh

For the visions of turkey, of pudding and pie

That went, as such good things have vanished
before,

Down that very red lane always gaping for more.

That pudding, a marvellous compound of sweets—
The pudding that every one, young and old, eats—

The pudding of Christmas, the pudding of age,
The pudding of youth, of the fool, of the sage—

The pudding that wakes in the wanderer's brain
The last latent thought of his home once again.

Then, after the pudding, what revel and rout!
What a pulling of cousins around and about!

What a wonderful playing of "blind-man's buff!"
And of "puss-in-a-corner" they had more than enough;

Then, "Open the gates as high as the sky,"
Gave a help to the hours just wandering by,

Until, when the shadows of evening fell,
There was dancing, and songs that we all knew so well

That we joined in the choruses, roaring our best,
Long after the sun had sunk down in the west.

With the lighting of lamps a rumor went round,
In a whisper, that soon there would be on the
ground

No less of a personage, hearty and true,
Than Santa Claus proper, and Mrs. S—— too.

The whisper had scarcely got scattered about
When we heard from the distance a faint little
shout:

The door was thrown open, and there, on my life,
Stood Santa himself, and his quaint little wife.

They nodded and bowed, and shook hands all
around,

And did everything in creation but frowned.

They laughed, and they sang, and made fun for
us all,

And they danced the last dance from the Carnival
ball,

Till we thought that each youngster its buttons
would burst,

As they laughed at the pranks of King Santa Claus
First;

And then, as the evening drew on apace,
He held up his hand with an exquisite grace,

And hushing the laughter, he uttered some
words

That sounded to all like the singing of birds.

He said, "Now, my darlings, I mean you to
see

My latest invention—a real Christmas tree:

So follow your leader;" and off in a trice
We marched two by two through the room once
or twice,

With him and his jolly old wife at the head,
And the music kept time to our frolicsome tread.

The dining-room doors swung back at his knock,
And the sight that we saw was almost like a
shock.

There, stretching its length in a gorgeous array,
A feast for the fairies in opulence lay;

And right in the middle, all studded with light,
Stood an evergreen tree—a most beautiful sight.

It was hung from its top to its bottom with toys;
There were some for the girls and some for the
boys.

And there we ate ices and jellies and cake,
And drank lemonade, till they made our jaws ache;

And we laughed and we talked, and then, after that
Mr. Santa Claus drew out our names from a hat;

And as they were called, each advanced, and was
free

To choose what they liked from the magical tree.

Oh, merciless Time! could you lend me your
wings

To go back through the pleasuring record of kings,

I doubt if the seeking would show me a day
Like that which I sing—and you hurried away;

For, as life leads us on and you cut short our
years,

We find there's less laughs, but a plenty of tears.

We find that our pudding has not the same phase
As that which we ate in our innocent days.

But ten strikes the clock: it is time to depart.
Santa Claus and his wife have gone off like a
dart;

And of all that were there not a soul could have
said,

With a certainty, whither the couple had fled—

Whether out by the door, or out through the wall,
Or up by the chimney, or whether at all

They had left, or had only, by Santa Claus' power,
Just made themselves viewless at that very hour.

So they kissed all around and bade a "Good-
night!"

Some looking worn-out and some jolly and bright;

But not one of all, though 'most dropping to sleep,
But spake out their wish, and as ardent as deep,

Said, "May we all live until this time next year,
And spend CHRISTMAS DAY with you merrily here!"

I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW
YEAR.

I WISH you a Happy New Year,
Gentlemen, one and all,
And you, most charming ladies,
Who grace this splendid hall.
The wind is free and biting cold,
But the fire is very near;
I watch its glare through the window-pane;
So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Excuse me if my nose is blue,
If my garments are not whole;
Your coats, I see, are of double cloth,
Your boots are a double sole.
It is gay and glorious wine you drink—
I can see it sparkle from here,

As I stand on the pavement cold and wet,
And wish you a Happy New Year.

O ladies bright and beautiful!

I came but an hour ago
From a lonely room, in a lonely street,
That your footsteps never know;
I saw a woman whose blood I see
Stitched in your robes of silk—
How she would have relished a glass of wine,
Instead of her bread and milk!

The times are very, very hard,
And labor very low—
In yonder garret there lies a man
Whose head is tinged with snow:
The landlord says he must die to-day,
He looks so gaunt and grim;
He says he owes for a quarter's rent—
It is very bad for him.

Fair lady—you with the golden hair—
Come gaze at this thin-lipped child;
See how she shivers and shrinks along,
And looks so wan and wild.
Did you notice, lady bright and fair,
That she had an eye like you?
It was dim and sad with hunger and cold,
But a perfectly heavenly blue.

It was but a few short minutes ago,
As I came through yonder lane,
That I met a pale and trembling girl,
Whose face was marked with pain.
She clutched her fingers long and thin,
And raised her tearless eye
To the tempting loaves in a baker's shop,
And—hurried swiftly by!

I knew that pale and tearless girl
When she was enshrined, like you,

The jewel of a peerless home,
The well-beloved and true.
Change comes, my gentle lady fair—
Change to the loved and dear;
But change may never come to you;
So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Ah me! when I was a little boy—
That was a happy time—
The New Year was a New Year then,
My life a pleasant rhyme;
But the time has passed, and brought a change,
A change for sorrow and woe;
But I will not speak of that happier time,
'Tis so very long ago.

And now, my gentle ladies all,
May you never know want or sin:
I see that the toes are out of my boots,
And the snow-water rushes in;

So I bid you all a gay good-bye,
 Though bread is very dear;
Ladies and gentlemen, fair and good,
 I wish you a Happy New Year.

APPENDIX.

THE edition of "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems" just issued by the Publishers of "The Outcast and Other Poems" being a new and enlarged one, they feel it incumbent on them to say something in reference to certain of the poems therein contained, especially the leading poem of "Beautiful Snow."

This fine poem has had the singular literary fate of having been claimed by no less than eight or nine different persons, several of whom have actually disputed with the real author through the public press and with the Publishers, ending only in their shame and their conviction of falsehood.

That all false claims and falsehoods might be set at rest, we publish in the same volume with "Beautiful Snow" several more of Mr. Watson's poems, which will show by their beauty and the style that they are all from the same hand.

"The Dying Soldier" is a poem that has achieved wonderful popularity; and it is a fact worth mentioning that this poem and "Beautiful Snow" were both read upon nights, a few months since, to audiences ranging from one thousand to four thousand, in seven of the great cities of the country, including New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

"Ring Down the Drop, I Cannot Play!" was written after a circumstance that occurred several years since at the Terre Haute theatre, where Mr. McKean Buchanan and

his daughter were playing, and simply follows his words and tells the story as it occurred.

"The Sailing of the Yachts" was written at the time of the famous ocean yacht-race, and was thought by the New York *Herald* worthy of insertion in its editorial pages.

The universal press of the country received the first edition of "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems" with the highest commendation, and especially spoke of "The Patter of Little Feet," "The Oldest Pauper on the Town," "Drowned," "No Letter," "The Sunlight in Her Hair," "Death's Carriage Stops the Way," "Farmer Brown," and of Mr. Watson as a poet of the highest order, and one who appeals directly to the human heart.

In issuing the last edition of "Beautiful Snow," several other poems written by Mr. Watson have been added to the volume, viz.: "The Kiss in the Street," "I Would that She were Dead," "What I Saw," "Please Help the Blind," "Somewhere to Go," and "Swinging in the Dance." These poems possess great interest, and display a lively and pleasant fancy, as well as a genuine, hearty sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity. They will take strong hold of the heart and memory, and will live and last because they touch many chords of human sympathy.

We also append a copy of a letter written by Mr. Watson to the publishers of the first edition of "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems," claiming his authorship of it:

NEW YORK, May 4, 1869.

GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your inquiry, I will give, in as few words as possible, the history of the poem of "Beautiful Snow;" and as it has acquired some notoriety or celebrity by having sundry claimants, which certainly is flattering to me, I will, as far as I can, speak of these.

I wrote "Beautiful Snow" in the fall of 1858, while on

a visit of a few days to Hartford, Connecticut. Where I got the idea from it is hard to recall at this late day, but it certainly was not from "sitting in any Broadway saloon," or having "the idea suggested by any fallen woman." I wrote it, as I have written a hundred other things, from the thought of the moment, and sent it, as I then sent all my writings, to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who printed it in their *Weekly*.

The poem becoming popular, and apparently having no real father, it suffered the fate of all other orphans of a literary class, and was claimed by a dozen. I have in my possession hundreds of copies of it, cut from country and European papers, in some of which the title of the poem is altered ; in others the text is changed, words cut out, and words interpolated ; and I count no less than nine different copies with as many stranger names at their heads. This was at first a source of amusement to me, and I never thought it worth while to claim the production openly before the public until one impudent charlatan, whose name I will spare in this letter, wrote, over his own signature, to the New York *Sunday Times*, claiming its paternity. Even this would have been amusing, had not the fellow, when confronted by Mr. Stephen Massett, who had been reading the poem all over the world, in his entertainment of "Drifting About," told that gentleman coolly that my name must be erased from his bills, and his own, as the real author, substituted. Not content with this, he went to the Messrs. Harpers' and declared himself the author, and denounced me as a fraud. As this had become serious, I wrote a letter to the *Times* relating the manner and time of its writing and publication, which happened to be about five years before this fellow claimed to have written it, and then, taking a friend with me, I called on him. I was utterly astounded to find that he still persisted in his assertion to my face, but like a noble fellow he pitied me

for having claimed it, declared he forgave me, and actually offered to shake hands with me. I think he was a little disgusted when I insisted on his proofs of authorship, to produce which I gave him two months, though he only asked two weeks; and as that is three years ago, I presume he is searching for them yet. I have heard of him since reciting the poem as his own, and publishing in country papers doggerel verse, endorsed editorially, to prove that he wrote it, which I should think proves very positively that he never wrote anything in his life that possessed either rhythm, rhyme, or grammar.

I only speak of this case as interesting on account of its singularity, for, though I have met many odd cases of claimants before and since, none had the interest for me that this had. I have been present several times and heard the poem recited, and heard the orators claim it as their own; and only a few weeks since I was delighted to hear a very pretty young lady in your own city, before an audience of a thousand people, give the first two verses garbled, and then add several of her own or somebody else's, which I am much too modest to wish to own, though her programmes had my name in full as the author.

Of some of the reputed claimants I can speak knowingly. One who has been paraded especially as the writer, Dora Shaw, declared to me, personally, that she had never claimed it; and I believe her. The story, romantic as it is, originated in the brain of some country editor, and has as little foundation in the life of that lady as it has in her mournful death, seeing that she still lives.

I have never offered proofs of authorship, for the simple reason that I have looked upon such a course as absurd. Any one claiming the least literary judgment can see by my other poems that they are all of the same family, and that it is only by the accident of popularity that "Beautiful Snow" ever had any claimant but myself. It certainly

is flattering and gratifying to me, and it would be strange if, with that belief, I should not entirely forgive any one who has so flattered me.

With thanks for your kindness and liberality, and a hope that, for your sakes, the republication in book form may be a success, I write myself,

Very truly yours,

J. W. WATSON.

“Beautiful Snow” having achieved such a wonderful popularity in this country and in Europe, and in its travelling through the press becoming mutilated, we purchased the copyright, and have published it in the beautiful style it is now issued in. Its great sale has warranted our belief in its popularity and its fast-increasing appreciation by the public at large.

To show the estimation “Beautiful Snow and Other Poems” is held in by the united public press of the country, we append a few notices of the work :

“Few poems have been more popular in this country than ‘Beautiful Snow.’ Its authorship has been claimed for several different persons, and not many weeks since we saw the old statement to the effect that the manuscript was found on the person of an unfortunate woman after her death, and that she was the author. Every reader will remember the long discussion provoked by this statement when it first appeared years ago. The many who read it then had copies of the poem laid away in scrap-books, for it had touched everybody as it had touched the unfortunate woman who carried a manuscript copy with her to her grave. It is now definitely stated that this poem was written by Mr. Watson in 1858, and was published in *Harpers' Weekly*. People liked the melody and the spirit. It pleased even when it did not touch the deeper feelings.

When, some years later, 'The Dying Soldier' appeared, it was scarcely necessary to say 'by the author of Beautiful Snow,' because there were the marks of the same heart and hand about it. This poem touched the soldiers as the other had touched the people. There is no pretence of giving the soldier vernacular, but the dramatic situations and the whole spirit of the scene were as if torn from the battlefield. The intensity of feeling, the quick-spoken words charging like bewildered soldiers, first this way, then that, whirling constantly in a dizzy way to the same point of 'Wasn't it grand?' and the rough, nervous asking for prayer, are so in keeping with the battle atmosphere that makes men demons and babes in spirit in the same minute, that the poem found in those years of war a place in every heart. In many of the other poems there is this war feeling—this suggestion of terribly dramatic action and of quick-beating hearts, and in all there is the quality that touches one, and, we may say, saddens."—*Toledo Blade*.

"In issuing the present new and enlarged edition of 'Beautiful Snow' several other poems written by Mr. Watson, and not included in the first edition, have been added to it—viz.: 'The Kiss in the Street,' 'I Would that She were Dead,' 'What I Saw,' 'Please Help the Blind,' 'Somewhere to Go,' and 'Swinging in the Dance.' The poem which lends its name to the book, 'Beautiful Snow,' treats of a well-worn subject with originality and feeling at once delicate and intense. The despair of the wretched outcast as she watches the falling of the pure, beautiful, yet cold and unfeeling snow, and remembers that she was once as fair and pure, is depicted with true artistic effect. All the poems in the volume possess great interest and display a lively and pleasant fancy, as well as a genuine, hearty sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity. They will take strong hold of the heart and memory, and will live

and last because they touch many chords of human sympathy. 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems' is complete in one large octavo volume, and is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, bound in morocco cloth, with beveled boards, gilt top, gilt side stamp and back. It is one of the handsomest volumes ever issued in this country. Price of the book bound in this style, \$2. In full gilt, full gilt edges, full gilt sides, etc., \$3. In full Turkey morocco, full gilt edges, sides, etc., \$4."—*Weekly Press, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' by J. W. Watson, would make an acceptable present to any one. It is complete in one volume, printed on the finest tinted plate paper and elegantly bound. 'Beautiful Snow' is admired throughout this country and Europe, and the other poems possess great merit. The first mentioned has been claimed by a number of persons, but it is doubtless the production of Mr. Watson, who wrote it while on a visit to Hartford in November, 1858. It was published immediately afterward in *Harpers' Weekly*. Peterson & Brothers have purchased the copyright, and have now presented it to the public in a beautiful and enduring form."—*New York Weekly*.

"The poem of 'Beautiful Snow' has been, like that other sentimental lyric, 'Rock me to Sleep, Mother,' both widely popular and bitterly contested as to authorship. We believe there is now no denial that Mr. Watson wrote 'Beautiful Snow;' and, apart from other proofs, this volume presents that one, without which all documentary and circumstantial evidence in such cases amounts to nothing—the proof, namely, that he could write it, in that he has written numerous other pieces showing the same poetic feeling and skill, and, let us add, the same faults; for Mr. Watson's poetry is not perfect in artistic form, though it has power to touch the heart. Such pieces as 'The Dying

Soldier' are powerful in suggestion and in dramatic vividness, while others, like 'Swinging in the Dance,' are more graceful and less out of the commonplace of society verses. But the volume, as a whole, is exceedingly attractive, and this new edition contains several poems not contained in the former one."—*New York Christian Union*.

"T. B. Peterson & Brothers publish 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' by J. W. Watson. The book contains as one of its attractions the poem called 'Beautiful Snow,' whose heart-stirring pictures have touched the tenderest emotions of humanity, and will never lose their power to awaken sympathy for the unfortunate victim whose remorse and penitence find eloquent utterance in other poems. 'The Patter of Little Feet' and 'The Dying Soldier' evince a lively fancy and a hearty sympathy with human joys and sorrows. It is one of the choice books of the season, and is printed and bound in a style suitable for presentation, and will be acceptable for its well-known leading picture of winter loveliness."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*.

"'Beautiful Snow and other Poems' were evidently written at leisure moments, and though the author does not claim to be a poet, several of them have touched the popular heart in a manner indicative of great intrinsic worth. 'Beautiful Snow' was, at the time of its publication, one of the most successful poems that ever appeared in a periodical. There is much in the volume that can be highly commended."—*New York Daily Times*.

"'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems' has had great popularity, which is not likely to diminish, as it touchingly tells the tale of many a soul-wreck. Several other poems of the volume have achieved a wide popularity, among which may be mentioned 'The Dying Soldier,' 'The Oldest Pauper

on the Town,' 'Patter of Little Feet' and 'Farmer Brown.' The popularity of these pieces is accounted for not only by their genuine poetic fancy and lyric power, but by the sympathy they awaken in the heart of universal humanity. The authorship of 'Beautiful Snow' has been claimed by a number of persons, and has been the subject of much newspaper comment. The claims of Mr. Watson, however, are now established beyond all question."—*Lutheran Observer*.

"Mr. Watson has found, in his 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' his way to the hearts of a large class of readers, and the volume will win a warm welcome from them."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

"This new and enlarged edition of 'Beautiful Snow and other Poems,' by J. W. Watson, is as handsome, inside and out, as one could desire, and the contents really deserve their fine dress. It is rare that a collection of poems contains so much which many will recognize as pleasantly familiar, and which those most familiar with it will be the first and warmest to welcome in book form. The popular poem which gives a name to the volume does not strike us as the best, though its popularity is not undeserved. We find in a number of the others even more of that careless vigor and unstudied felicity in which the author excels. It is a pleasing collection."—*Boston Commonwealth*.

"It is finally settled that Mr. J. W. Watson wrote 'Beautiful Snow.' That and 'other poems' have been put in very elegant book form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The book is bound in maroon and gold, and the typography is excellent. Thousands of young ladies think 'Beautiful Snow' is so full of sympathy and sweet suffering that thousands of young gentlemen cannot do better than to buy the beauty of a book and present it to

them. 'The Sunlight in her Hair,' 'No Letter,' 'A Million, All in Gold,' 'Death's Carriage Stops the Way,' 'My Pipe,' 'Ring Down the Drop, I Cannot Play,' and twenty other 'characteristic' poems of kindred title and tendency, are relied on by the author to attain publicity along with 'Beautiful Snow.'"—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle*.

"T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, have published a new edition of J. W. Watson's 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems.' The long-standing controversy upon the authorship of the first poem in the volume appears to be settled in favor of Mr. Watson, and the very handsome style in which his works are now issued must add to their already extensive popularity."—*New York Sun*.

"'Beautiful Snow,' the leading poem in the volume entitled 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' is one of the most exquisite productions known in the history of our literature; and the other poems contained in the book can have no higher recommendation than that they are by the same author."—*Journal, Wilmington, N. C.*

"A new and enlarged edition of 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' by J. W. Watson, has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The contents of the volume are, to a great degree, of a domestic character, and offer many attractions to the lovers of emotional poetry."—*New York Tribune*.

"A new and elegant edition of 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems' is just from the press of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. The poems of this writer commend themselves to all for their originality, purity of sentiment, and delicacy of treatment. A number of gems, not to be found in any previous edition of Mr. Watson's poems, find place

in this, such as 'The Kiss in the Street,' 'I Would that She were Dead,' 'Please Help the Blind,' 'What I Saw,' 'Swinging in the Dance,' and 'Somewhere to Go.' The volume is printed from clear type, on fine tinted plate paper, and is handsomely bound in green and gold, with gilt tops."—*Boston Daily Traveler*.

"As a holiday or presentation book to any one, the appearance of this handsome volume, 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is particularly apropos. The edition is a new and enlarged one, bound in morocco cloth, and elegantly gilt. With the poems most people have long since delighted themselves. In the beautiful shape in which it is now given to the reading community by the Petersons', it comes to us in the nick of time."—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*.

"T. B. Peterson & Brothers have published a new edition—much enlarged by the addition of seven new pieces—of 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' by J. W. Watson. The lyric which gives the title to this volume first appeared in No. 100 of *Harpers' Weekly* (November 27, 1858), and, as the saying is, immediately 'ran the round of the press' in this country and in England. It has been claimed for and by several persons, but, after a careful examination of their various pretensions, we have no doubt that Mr. Watson really is the author. The closing stanza, which was unjustifiably altered, but not improved, to adapt the poem for recitation in public, is given correctly in the present edition. Mr. Watson, who does not regularly belong to 'the press,' has considerable facility—whether knack or talent we shall not pause to inquire—in writing strikingly sensational ballads upon familiar subjects. Sometimes he infuses tenderness and pathos into his effusions. 'The Oldest Pauper on the Town,' 'Drowned' and 'Ring Down the

Drop, I Cannot Play,' belong to this class. In the present edition there are seven new poems. The book, which is handsomely printed on tinted paper and richly bound in morocco cloth, will doubtless have a large sale during the approaching book-buying season."—*Philadelphia Press*.

" 'Beautiful Snow' has been widely read and as widely admired. It is delicate in imagery, liquid in movement and extremely touching and happy in expression. It is one of the happiest of works in conception and execution. Although 'Beautiful Snow' is considered Mr. Watson's finest poem, it is by no means the only one which is worthy of more than passing remark. 'Beautiful Snow' has certainly attracted more attention than his other poems, but such as 'Death's Carriage Stops the Way,' 'The Sunlight in Her Hair,' 'No Letter,' 'The Dying Soldier,' 'The Patter of Little Feet,' and 'The Oldest Pauper on the Town,' are all full of fine feeling, admirably expressed. Mr. Watson is a much better poet than the world thinks. His versification is always correct, and often full of novel effect, and he selects excellent subjects. He deserves a higher position in the literary circle of American authors than has yet been granted him. The Petersons' have issued the book in very tasteful style, and it is suitable for presentation to any one. It is complete in one large octavo volume, and is printed on the finest tinted plate paper, bound in morocco cloth with beveled boards, gilt top, gilt side and back. Price of 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' bound in this style, \$2; price in morocco cloth, full gilt edges, full gilt sides, back, etc., \$3; price in full Turkey morocco, full gilt edges, full gilt sides, back, etc., \$4."—*Philadelphia City Item*.

"Watson's 'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems' is the title of an elegantly bound and beautifully printed volume

from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Perhaps there never was a poem which met with such sudden and widespread popularity, or was attributed to so many celebrated authors, as 'Beautiful Snow.' Its highly dramatic, combined with its practical character, ranks it among those poetical effusions which will make it acceptable in any age and country where our language is understood. The other poems are evidently from the same hand, and are worthy of their companionship with the initial gem in the volume. The inscription on the first page, 'To My Mother,' shows the existence of the true poet's heart."—*Philadelphia Daily Bee*.

"It is not often that so beautiful a volume as 'Beautiful Snow and other Poems' issues from the press. The type and paper are both luxurious, and the binding is in perfect taste. The principal poem is the celebrated 'Beautiful Snow,' about the authorship of which there raged such a controversy, but which is now conceded to be the work of Mr. J. W. Watson. The tenderness, reality and felicitousness of this poem will always give it a prominent place in the public heart. The other poems in the volume are also good, some of them even better than 'Beautiful Snow,' though none on so popular a theme. The volume is dedicated to the author's mother."—*Ladies' National Magazine*.

"Mr. J. W. Watson is the author of the beautiful and touching production entitled 'Beautiful Snow,' which has appealed to thousands of hearts, and will be read and spoken of as long as language exists. It was written in Colonel Colt's house at Hartford, Connecticut, in the fall of 1858, and was read there for the first time in the presence of many choice literary friends. No doubt the poor creature in whose possession a copy of this poem was found at her death had *copied* it, as hundreds of others of her class

have done; and it would be well if every female in the land would copy it and ponder well its teachings. Mr. Watson writes with vigor, and we have read the contents of the whole volume with a great deal of pleasure. Several of the pieces can scarcely fail to impress the reader very forcibly, and will touch the feelings by their tenderness. The volume has been produced by the publishers in a handsome style."—*American Literary Gazette*.

"‘Beautiful Snow’ has achieved a very wide popularity, and the other poems in the volume are worthy of being included in the same collection."—*True Flag*.

"We do not often see a more elegant volume than ‘Beautiful Snow.’ The poems form very vivid pictures of scenes that have dramatic interest. Several of them are incidents of the war; all of them appeal directly to human sympathy for suffering or misfortune. The chief poem has the pathos that marks Hood’s celebrated poem the ‘Bridge of Sighs,’ and the same feeling of pity for fallen humanity. There is a vigor in the expression, and the poetic merit of the poems is undeniable."—*Philadelphia Age*.

"The deep pathos of ‘Beautiful Snow’ has long been recognized. It was written thirteen years ago, and the literary reputation of the author has survived every attempt to blacken it."—*New York Standard*.

"The enterprising Petersons’ have made a very beautiful book of the celebrated poem of ‘Beautiful Snow.’ It is indeed beautifully gotten up, and impressed by the very best of type. The history attached to this tale of pathos in poetry, in addition to its peculiar literary merits, must insure for it a very large circulation. For so complete a book the price is very low. The ‘Other Poems’

mentioned on the title-page are composed with a fine sentiment of tenderness, and are of that unexceptionable metric quality which must recommend them very favorably to the public."—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

"There has been a good deal of controversy about the authorship of 'Beautiful Snow,' but Mr. Watson's claims are now generally conceded. It will live in literature side by side with the 'Bridge of Sighs,' 'Resurgam,' and other rare gems of pathos. The volume has several other poems of great merit. The whole tenor of the book is plaintive. 'The Dying Soldier' is a powerful production in the pathetic line."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

"All of the poems contained in the volume entitled 'Beautiful Snow,' have stood the test of criticism, and some of them are justly regarded as perfect gems. It is enough to say of 'Beautiful Snow' that the authorship of it has been claimed by half a dozen or more unscrupulous individuals who were ambitious of fame, and yet too lazy to work for it. We must say, however, that we do not look upon it as the best poem in the volume. We vastly prefer 'The Patter of Little Feet' and 'The Dying Soldier,' which latter is, by long odds, one of the best poems that the war inspired."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*.

"'Beautiful Snow and Other Poems,' is just the book for presentation to the ladies, with whom the leading poem is so much of a favorite. The song of the poor outcast, who has the additional curse of memory, treats a well-worn subject with originality and feeling both artistic and delicate."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"'Beautiful Snow' is a volume of poems of extraordinary merit. Every stanza in it is well done, and it closes

with a touch of pathos, which is a peculiarity of many of the pieces in the volume. The poet moralizes with a vein of sadness often on what he sees in the every-day life about him. We find it in 'The Oldest Pauper on the Town,' in 'Ring Down the Drop, I Cannot Play,' in 'A Million All in Gold,' and in 'Please Help the Blind.' But the most noteworthy of these pathetic poems is the one entitled 'The Dying Soldier.' It was read a few months since together with 'Beautiful Snow,' in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other of our great cities, before audiences of from one to four thousand persons. Certainly, nothing more stirring was ever heard from any stage. The rough courageous trooper, full of enthusiasm over the glorious stand he and his comrades made when the enemy's battalions were hurled against them, have never been excelled. There are other verses on various subjects we should like to quote, did space permit, in which the intense feeling of the poet is shown, but we can only call the reader's attention to two or three of the pieces in which they occur. 'The Patter of Little Feet' is exquisitely sweet and tender; so is 'The Kiss in the Street;' while 'The Sailing of the Yachts' is inspired by a patriotic glow over the renown our gentlemen sailors won in the ocean yacht-race when they crossed the Atlantic in their tiny craft during the stormiest season of the year. The volume is evidently the work of a man possessing a high order of genius, and is printed and bound in a manner that will make it an ornament to any drawing-room. We feel confident that many editions will be called for of a work so artistic and of so popular a character."—*New York Globe*.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

PS

3157 Watson -

W33o The outcast.

UCLA-Young Research Library

PS3157 .W33o

yr



L 009 617 106 1

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 001 227 968 3

PS

3157

W33o



THE OUTCAST

BY AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW"